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CHARLES N. ALLEN,
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VALENTINE DAY

Has come and gone for this year 1853. A great many silly, foolish things have been written and read, and a few witty, sharp ones. This is as it has been, and we presume, will be, hereafter. We are indebted to the following discourse, on this interesting topic, between the famous TONY WALLACE, of his hopeful son SAMMY, as recorded by DICKSON in that veritable collection of rare things, the "Pickwick papers." There is rare humor in the following:—*Journal.*

"Vell, Sammy," said the father.

"Vell, my Froshan Blue," responded the son, laying down his pen. "What's the last bulletin about mother-in-law?"

"Mrs. Veller passed a very good night, but is uncommon perverse and unpleasant this mornin'—signed upon oath—S. Veller, Esquire, Senior." That the last was as was issued, Sammy," replied Mr. Veller, untying his shawl.

"No better yet," inquired Sammy.

"All the symptoms aggravated," replied Mr. Veller, shaking his head. "But what's that, you're doing of—pursuit of knowledge under difficulties—eh, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam with slight embarrassment. "I've been a writer."

"So I see," replied Mr. Veller. "Not to any young 'oman, I hope, Sammy."

"Why, it's no use a sayin' it ain't," replied Sammy. "It's a valentine."

"A what?" exclaimed Mr. Veller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A valentine," replied Sam.

"Samuel! Samuel!" said Mr. Veller, in reproachful accents. "I did not think you'd have done it. Arter the warnin' you've had of your father's vicious propensities, arter I've said to you upon this here wery subject, arter actually seein' and bein' in the company of your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it." These reflections were too much for the good old man. He raised Sam's tumbler to his lips and drank off its contents.

"What's the matter, now?" said Sam.

"Never mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Veller, "it'll be a very agonizin' trial to me, at my time of life, but I'm pretty tough, that's my consolation, as the very old Irish remarked, ven the farmer said he was afeard he should be obliged to kill him for the nation market."

"What'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy—to see you a dilapidated victim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all very capital," replied Mr. Veller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelings, that 'ere, Sammy."

"Nonsense," said Sam. "I ain't a goin' to get married, don't fret yourself about that. I know your a judge of these things. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter—there."

We can not distinctly say whether it was the prospect of the pipe or the consolatory reflection that a fatal dis, osition to get married ran in the family and couldn't be helped, vich calmed Mr. Veller's feelings, and caused his grief to subside. We should rather be disposed to say that the result was attained by combining the two sources of consolation, for he repeated the second in a low tone, very frequently; ringing the bell meanwhile, to order the first. He then divested himself of his upper coat, and lighting the pipe and placing himself in front of the fire with his back towards it, so that he could feel its full heat, and recline against the mantel piece at the same time, turned to Sam, and with a countenance greatly mollified by the softening influence of tobacco, requested him to "fire away."

Sam dipped his pen in the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air—

"Vell," said Mr. Veller, ringing the bell.

"A double glass of the invariable, my dear."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl; who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father. "I've been here before, in my time. Go on, Sammy."

"Lovely creature," repeated Sam.

"Tain't poetry, is it?" interposed the father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Wery glad to hear it," said Mr. Veller. "Poetry's unsuited; no man ever talked in poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin, or Rowland's oil, or some of our low fellows; never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin again, Sammy."

Mr. Veller, resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows:

"Lovely creature I feel myself a damaged."

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Veller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it ain't, damaged," observed Sam holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there—I feel myself a-shamed."

"Verry good," said Mr. Veller. "Go on."

"Feel myself ashamed, and completely sir—I forgot this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" said Mr. Veller.

"So I am a lookin' at it," said Sam; "but there's another blot; here's a 'c' and a 'd,' and a 'd'."

"Circumvented, p'raps," suggested Mr. Veller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam, "circumvented, that's it."

"That ain't that," said Sam, "circumvented, Sammy," said Mr. Veller, gravely. "Think not."

"Nuthin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'raps it is a more tender word," said Mr. Veller, after a few moments reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"Feel myself ashamed and completely circumvented in dressin' of you, for you are a nice gal and nuthin' but it."

"That's a verry p'etty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Veller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is rather good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Veller, "is, that there

I Hold the Baby.

Some ten days or a fortnight since, a couple of gay young men happened in at a ball given at a public room, where the dancers were not exactly of the "upper ten," but were still very respectable, worthy people. Presently one of our heroes, a sharp, merry, quizzical fellow, espied in a retired part a part, elegant looking young lady, who, he was certain from her appearance, was not of the class of housemaids, nurses, &c., then whistling round him in a waltz.

An introduction was speedily effected, and our young friend, as he expressed it, "spread himself, in order to lay the lady out cold." He had never been very far out of the city; but with his usual impudence, glibness of tongue, and picturesque expression of pressing, he gave his partner a minute and glowing description of his travels in foreign lands, from Kamschatka to Patagonia, dashing through Europe, glance at Asia Minor, dropping in at Liberia, and sneaking at California, with adventures with Bedouins, scalp hunts with Pawnees, confabulations with the Sultan, and card parties with Louis Napoleon. The extensive acquaintance the young man possessed with great men of all countries, was truly astonishing, and he told so many anecdotes of their free and easy intercourse with him—as yet a youth whose chin mourns a beard—that even he himself became a little alarmed at his own boldness, and drew up his horse.

The young lady listened attentively, smiling amiably, and appeared to be indeed a very well informed person. Our hero was already half-overhead in love, but what bothered him was that he did not know who his fair companion was, her name, address, or position. He hemmed and hawed for awhile after getting through his travels and stories, and the said lady, inquired—

"Do you know, Miss, that when I came into the room I took you for Miss Clifton, of Prytania street?"

"Indeed?"

"Yes, I never saw such a striking resemblance," (Miss Clifton of Prytania street, was of course a fictitious personage.) "Do you know Miss Clifton?"

"Of Prytania street?"

"Yes."

"Oh!"

Another pause—slightly awkward. Our friend approached still nearer the "pumpkin" operation. Had Miss been at the Prytania street? No she had not. The last had not been there either. Was it possible? Was the distance too great to her hotel? It was much pleasanter to have a private house of one's own. She had a private house. Ah! Miss preferred furnished rooms. She could not bear them!

Another pause more awkward than ever. Our friend was stumped, but he looked perfectly at his ease, and remained in a graceful attitude, smiling pleasantly at the toes of his patent leather pumps.

Imagine his discomfiture when suddenly the mysterious young lady, looking up to his face with a cunning smile, said:

"I know!"

"Our hero actually blushed. He thought he was caught. The foreign travels would do his business forever.

"You know me! How strange! When did I have the pleasure of making your acquaintance?"

"Oh, some two weeks ago."

"Two weeks? Strange! I don't remember to have met you!"

"Do you remember a christening that took place at—?"

"Oh, yes, at Mrs. E's. Were you there?"

"Yes—I held the baby!"

If ever a young lady was thoroughly analysed at a glance, that young lady was for just about a second after "I held the baby" was uttered.

"Well, really—I am much to blame. I can't forgive myself—but I can't possibly recollect a feature of your face."

"Oh, you did not look at me."

"No."

"Nor speak to me either?"

"No!"

"Don't tell me! And yet you held the baby?"

"I do not know how to make apology for my rudeness. Pray forget it, and the next time you hold a baby, I'll speak to you if I die for it."

"Will you?"

"Pon honor!"

"And tell me more of your travels?"

"Ye-ye-yes!"

"Well now, if you'll be on Lafayette Square to-morrow afternoon at five o'clock, you'll see me there."

"Um! pretty cool that at first acquaintance!" thought our hero. Do you often go on Lafayette Square?"

"Every afternoon with the baby."

"Oh, with the baby?"

"Of course, I am the nurse!"

Since the above eventful night, our young friend from a round, ruddy faced individual has become wan, pale, and thin visaged. He never smiles, and you have only to say "baby" to send instantly in search of some one around the corner.

The Buffalo Rough Notes is not all rough. The editor is impressive, and has an idea of smooth things, if he is not in the enjoyment thereof enough to change his nature. Read this following:

"Krisno"—The New Orleans Picayune says the tariff of this article is now, in Boston, ten dollars; in Rochester, seven dollars; in New York, but five dollars; and the editor congratulates himself that he lives in a city where the luxuries of life are to be obtained at something like a reasonable rate. Poor, benighted individual!—to thank his stars for the privilege of paying five dollars for a kiss from the withered lips of his yellow, sun-burnt, parchment-faced damsel. What would he think, if he could touch the blooming cheek of one of our Buffalo girls;—a cheek like the sunny side of a ripe peach, round, full, and softer than the velvet of a young robe? What would he think, if graciously permitted, for once, just once, to press such a cheek, and know, after the delight of such a feast on "nectar worthy of the gods," that there was "nothing to pay!" Bachelors of Rochester, Boston, and New Orleans—how from our inmost souls we pity you, in your "forlorn and wretched state."

Marriage in Australia.

It appears that the male and female convicts obtain certain privileges which wonderfully promote matrimony. A correspondent writes to the *Alto California*, from Van Diemen's Land:—"The only care of the Government seems to be to get these people off their hands as fast as possible, and another method has been hit upon in finding a ready market for thousands of convicts, and thereby relieving the Exchequer of the expense of maintaining them, and I presume the man that first devised it, was made a baronet by the British Government. It is neither more nor less than encouraging, between the convicts and the free portion of the inhabitants, 'matrimonial alliances.' In these, young ladies alliance themselves to old men, and young men marry old women. I will explain. A female convict, by becoming the spouse of a free man, is entitled to all the rights of a free woman. As long as she keeps with her husband, the bonds of matrimony are the only bonds to which she is subject. The same with the male convict. By marrying a free woman, he becomes by virtue of his office as 'husband' as free as the Governor himself, as long as he conducts himself to the satisfaction of his better half.

The consequence of this clever stroke of policy is, that marriages of this description are continually coming off with wonderful rapidity. Any old man can get, in this accommodating country, as young a lady for his wife as he please; that is, if he is not over scrupulous to her past character, which is never, in Van Diemen's Land, by-the-by, taken into consideration. He has many hundreds to choose from, not one of whom will spurn his offer. Sometimes are they to be seen in the streets, I question whether one of them could be found who would refuse her hand to Old Nick himself. And on the other hand, any Australian lady verging upon fifty can be supplied, if she require it, with as youthful a husband as her heart can desire. There are before her men of every age and condition to select a partner from—parsons, doctors, clerks, tradesmen and laborers; few will hesitate a moment when she broaches the subject.

The vast majority, to get out of Government power, would marry the Witch of Endor herself, if that would accomplish it."

Get Married.

Young man, if you have arrived at the right point in life for it, let every consideration give way to that of getting married. Don't think of anything else. Keep poking about the rubbish of the world, till you have stirred up a gem worth possessing in the shape of a wife. Never think of delaying the matter; for you know delays are dangerous. A good wife is the most faithful and constant companion you can possibly have by your side, while performing the journey of life—a dog isn't a touch to her. She can "smooth your linen and your cares" for you—mend your trousers and perchance your manners—sweeten your sour moments as well as your tea and coffee, perhaps, your shirt bosom, but not your temper; and instead of sowing the seeds of sorrow in your path, she will sow the buttons on your shirts, and plant happiness instead of sorrow in your bosom.

When a woman loves, she loves with a doubled distilled devotedness; and when she loves, it is on the high pressure principle—her love is as deep as the ocean, as strong as a lemphen halber, and as immutable as the rock of ages. She won't change, except it is in a very strong fit of jealousy; and even then it lingers as if loth to depart, like evening twilight at the window of the West—Get married by all means. All the excesses you can fish up against doing the deed, ain't worth a spoonful of pigeon milk. Get married, I repeat, young men! Concentrate your affections upon one object and do not distribute them crumb by crumb among a host of Susans, Marys, Lauras, Olives, Elizabeths, Augustas, Detsies, Dorothies.

Live and let Live.

We know of no greater drawback to the prosperity of any community, than that of going abroad for articles that may be purchased at home. What is to be thought of our professional men, merchant or tradesman, who will stick out his "shingle" announcing his calling, and thus soliciting patronage from the community in which he resides, and yet, sending abroad for articles manufactured or produced by the individual enterprise of those from whom he expects support.

It were possible for the whole community to become importers, who would be enriched? Common carriers for a time might be; but "many might go out for wool, and come home shorn." Always taking out of the meat tub, and never putting in, we should soon come to the bottom.

No man has a right to set himself down as a citizen, to live for himself alone; we are dependent upon one another; the clergy upon their hearers; the lawyer upon his clients; the landlord upon his tenants; and the merchant and mechanic upon their customers. We live by mutual support; a stock of muskets stands only by their union; and so it is with a community, we must become mutual help, for isolated, we fall. Therefore it is, that it becomes the duty of every citizen to patronize in their lawful calling, the several branches of industry at home. "He that withholdeth corn the people shall curse him."

The liberal soul shall be watered also; and he that watereth shall be watered himself."—*Pike Co. Democrat.*

Two in Heaven.

"You have two children," said I.

"I have four," was the reply; "two on earth, two in heaven."

There spoke the mother! Still hers! still "gone before!" Still remembered, loved and cherished, by the hearth and at the board; these places not yet filled; even though their successors draw life from the same faithful breast where their dying heads were pilowed.

"Two in heaven?"

Safely housed from storm and tempest; no sickness there; no drooping head, nor fading eye, nor weary feet; by the green pasture, lamed by the Good Shepherd, linger the little lambs of the heavenly fold.

"Two in heaven?"

Earth less attractive! Eternity nearer! Invisible cords, drawing the maternal soul upwards. "Still, still," voices, ever whispering, come! to the world-weary spirits.

"Two in heaven?"

Mother of angels! Walk softly; holy eyes watch thy footsteps; cherub forms bend to listen! Keep thy spirit free from earth; taint; so shalt thou "go to them," though "they may not return to thee."—*Oliver Branch.*

Death from want of Sleep.

How long can one live without sleep? This question is never have been answered. But an authentic communication has been made to a British society who held operations in Asia, descriptive of a mode of punishment which is peculiar to the original code of China. It appears from this communication that a Chinese merchant had been convicted of murdering his wife, and was sentenced to die by being totally deprived of the privilege of going to sleep. This singular and extremely painful mode of execution at Amoy under the following circumstances: The condemned was placed in prison under the care of three police guards, who relieved each other every alternate hour, and who prevented the prisoner from sleeping for a single moment, night or day. He thus lived for nineteen days without enjoying any sleep. At the end of the nineteenth day his suffering were so great that he implored the authorities to grant him the blessed opportunity of being strangled, garroted, guillotined, burned to death, drowned, quartered, shot, blown up with gunpowder, or put to death in any conceivable way which their humanity or ferocity could invent. This will give us some idea of the horrors of dying because you cannot go to sleep.

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